[illegible] of childhood, that caused bitter passive dependent emotional expressions and a symbolic of the love and care which were lavished on the helpless baby in the early months of his elementary needs.* We have stated love to be the ultimate goal of dependence. In Niki we see this expectation directed toward white men—the government, traders, and, indirectly, the ethnographer who had just left him. Of Niki's hoarding tendency there can be no question. Like several other youths, he always showed up at our house around meal time and never refused to eat. We may conclude that receiving food from white people, or receiving food in general, is unconsciously equivalent to receiving love and security. Psychoanalysts have long maintained that passivity and orality are related; this relationship is well demonstrated in Koka personality, where passive receptive attitudes represent a means to acquire security and protection without exercise of self-assertion. A similar case is seen in Louis Mana's dream, related when the ethnographer visited his home in September. He dreamed that a white man told him of a creek where gold could be found. The stranger commanded Louis that the lower half often crossed this creek. "There's gold there," the white man said. "You have a pan, use it. Go there." In consciousness, Louis tried to figure out to which creek the reference applied. Again in this product of unconscious thinking, a white man is pictured as a benefactor. Louis is a relatively insecure person preoccupied with the idea of getting out of debt. In the dream his goals are positively solved, although there is the realistic note that Louis must still find the gold. Indians are not concerned with prospecting for precious metal, so that the occurrence of gold in Louis' dream may have a special but unknown significance for his personality.

During the construction of the Alaska Highway, dependence was inadvertently satisfied by the generosity of American soldiers and civilians who gave the people gifts of cigarettes, food (especially meat), and liquor.* The favorable stereotype constructed of Americans may therefore be explained in terms of the significance of their generosity to the Indians. Unfortunately the Canadian soldiers, who subsequently appeared in the area and served for lower pay, have not met the expectations of generosity to which the Koka had become accustomed. The Indians were already familiar with the traders' lack of generosity, which is founded on a sense of good business. The unfavorable stereotype developed of Canadian soldiers, therefore, represents partly a generalization of experience from Canadian traders to Canadians and is also the product of frustrated expectations.

Closely related to food as a symbol of love is the high value placed on generosity. The language of generosity may be interpreted as: "You are a good person because you give." A demand to receive, founded on passive receptive aims, is implicit in this unconscious definition. It might appear that the demanding dependence of the Koka, especially as it is expressed toward food, should make a stingy people. Actually we find the Koka no more stingy than they are spontaneously generous.* However, the sharing of grub (not meat)

* See Fenichel, The Psychoanalytic Theory of Neurosis (1945), 64.

* During the Second World War, people in many parts of the globe had occasion to benefit from the well-paid American soldier's generosity and probably often responded to it with much the same emotional pleasure as the Koka. It remains to be learned if the unconscious significance of gifts was the same in all of these cases.

* For examples of compulsive generosity see the discussion of Harry's personality below, pp. 516-519.

We may point out here that while Koka society lacks any circumscribed forms of bestowing authority, strongly only the leaders of a local band people together by their value as food providers. The early traders recognized some

[illegible] talk for us my father to have, but he was always kind of shy and did hollered at his wives. My wife's youngest sister, Agnes, who was only sixteen, helped me. She used to cook for me but was too shy to sleep with me. When I tried to talk fun with her, she became angry and ran away. So upset Agnes agreed to marry me. A few years later Father Albert came to this country. He was always after me and the other people to get married in church. Finally I asked: "Why we get married yesterday? Why do you want to stay single all the time?" The priest looked at me a long time. Then he said: "You mean he crazy." I got married in the church at McDermo after I married a Navajo for Father Albert. He used to pay me for the work I brought.

One day, while we were camping at River Joe's place, Agnes came to the store. She was nearly crying because River Joe had accused her of being orange. She always watched the grub carefully and had refused to give him some coffee.

Winter time we trapped up the Dome River. One summer I got a job to a mine around McDermo Creek. My job was to roll gold-bearing ore out of the tunnel—an easy job. They paid me eight dollars for an eight hour day. River Joe found me working there and she wanted to get a job. I told him to see the boss. He worked in the mine two days. Then he said: "I'm a damn fool to work here. I get lots of money down at McDermo." I warned him not to talk like that, the boss might have him. Joe answered: "I just talk fun." But I saw the boss watching us. That night Joe was fired. "You get enough money," the boss told him. "What's the matter, you crazy?" Joe blustered. But the boss wouldn't have him back. We quit work on the tenth of October.

Sometimes, Saturdays, they took out a bottle. "We good for Indian," they explained. "That's right, we good for Indian," I answered. They would take some drinks. Then they would give me a couple. "That's enough," they'd say. Good old fellows, that boss. Sundays he always sent me out for grain. "You take sick," he told me. "Sub good, grain come around." He just talked fun. I got grain every time I went up the mountain. There were many grain up there.

One day River Joe's brother, Old Wiley, came to the mine. He saw me up the ore cart even did thought I had been killed. He went home and told my wife—his cousin to boot—that I was dead. A couple of days later, Agnes came down to the mine. She saw me and started to laugh. "I came to see your body," she said. "My Ford needed some drying. My mother said: 'Go to see his body.'" My wife stayed at the mine for two nights. When she left, the boss gave her lots of extra grub to take home—enough for four dog packs.

A year or so later, I took a party of Americans up to Princess Lake. They carried a big rifle. "You fellows can't use all those firearms twice," I told them. "We've twelve men," one of them said. Gosh, they had a big load. Then I started working for Bill Strong, freighting on the Dome. Once we went down the Yukon to Wrangell. I had a good time there. All the young fellows treated me. They took me into the bar and lined up many glasses of beer in front of me. They told me to drink them. "Too much," I said, "I can't drink all that!" But they insisted, and I drank it all down like water. We drank all night till I was broke. Then we went out. We came to a place where they had been laying cement. There was a fence around the wet stuff, but one young fellow jumped into the wet cement and sank down to his knees. His friends pulled him out but his shoes remained stuck in the cement.